

NARRATIVE OF FACTS;

In CONTRADICTION of the many FALSHOODS;

CONTAINED IN

JAMES THISTLETHWAITE'S

ADDRESS TO

Mr. HENRY BURGUM,

In BONNER and MIDDLETON'S *Bristol Journal*, of Saturday
January 7, 1775,

RESPECTING

A MOCK HEROIC POEM

ENTITLED

The CONSULTATION.

By said HENRY BURGUM.

Fortis est Veritas, et prevalebit.

B R I S T O L:

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.LXXV.



P R E F A C E.

CONSCIOUS as I am of the many disadvantages that a person must labor under, who addresses a body of men upon a subject wherein a major part of them are already prepossessed, yet, from the many gross and unpardonable falsehoods contained in *James Thistlethwaite's* address to me in Bonner and Middleton's Bristol Journal of the 7th instant, I cannot avoid laying before the public *a particular narration* of the few transactions, that have pass'd between that author and myself from my first knowledge of him to the present time, and flatter myself after a serious perusal of the following pages—I shall be no longer look'd upon by my fellow-citizens, to be *that double-faced villain, which that imp of darkness has attempted to paint me.*

Without further preface then (but begging
pardon for this intrusion) I shall proceed, after
having subscribed myself at all times and upon
all occasions, the public's

very faithful

and most obedient

humble Servant,

BRISTOL,
Jan. 31, 1775.

Henry Burgum.



To the P U B L I C.

DURING the poll at the last general election for members to represent this city in parliament, in a tally of London voters, appeared one JAMES THISTLETHWAITE, who had lately served his apprenticeship with a book-binder and stationer in this city.—He was at the time of polling entirely unknown to me, but was pointed out as a very abandoned wretch; that his principal talent consisted in belying and depreciating amiable characters, without distinction, to raise a little money to support his idle course of life.—I was likewise informed, that this was the genius, who had so freely and indeed shamefully calumniated many very worthy gentlemen of this city, in *the Town and Country Magazine*.

From the time this object (Thistlethwaite) voted, mine eyes were not injur'd with the sight of him, 'till the day on which the members were chair'd, when the door-keepers inadvertently permitted this hungry poet to intrude himself into the Hoopers-Hall, where he had the modest assurance to take his seat at dinner with the gentlemen there met, and, as I am informed, without any invitation or other introduction than his own impudence.—He there very strenuously endeavoured to force his discourse and scrape acquaintance with me, which I as earnestly sought to avoid.—One
even

evening about three weeks or a month after the election was over, as I was standing in my shop, *Thistlethwaite* called me to the door, and said, *he was going to publish AN ELECTION PAMPHLET, which he would dedicate to me, if I approved of it.*—I told him *I did not, nor could I suffer any such thing to be done.*—Away he went and I thought no more of the matter 'till I saw in Mr. Pine's paper of Thursday the 22d day of December, the following advertisement.

“Sometime next week will be published, Price 1s. dedicated to *Mr. Henry Burgum*, the CONSULTATION. A Mock Heroic. In three Cantos. By JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.

Ibant obscura solas, sub nocte, per umbra,

Perque Domos, Ditis. VIRGIL ÆN. Lib. 6.

“Sold by W. Pine, and all other Booksellers in Bristol.”

I was then desirous of seeing what kind of poem it was and to peruse the dedication and manuscript, for which purpose I enquired for the author, but could not obtain a sight of him 'till the evening of Friday the 30th of December last (darkness being most suitable to his black mind) when he brought me the dedication and part of the poem (*both then already PRINTED*) which upon his delivering to me he said *was very severe*, at the same time telling me that *he believed the publication of it would be suppressed by subscription.*—I had read but the dedication and a very few lines of the poem before Mr. Joseph Hawkswell, attorney at law, call'd upon me to desire I would procure him one of the pamphlets that were dedicated to me, I told him in

Thistle-

Thistlethwaite's presence, that *I had just heard IT WAS VERY SEVERE,—that I had not yet read it and that Mr. Thistlethwaite had just then informed me a SUBSCRIPTION had taken place which would prevent its PUBLICATION.*—

Mr. Hawkswell appearing very desirous of seeing it, I promised if possible to gratify his curiosity, whereupon he took his leave and Thistlethwaite then told me more candidly, that *most of the pamphlets being then PRINTED OFF, several of Messrs. Cruger and Burke's friends in order to suppress its publication and defray the expences he (the author) had been at in printing and paper, had subscribed for SEVEN HUNDRED copies which they intended to destroy, and added, if he could get THREE HUNDRED more subscribed for in the same manner, he should be then paid for the TROUBLE and expence he had been at and the publication should cease.*—I replied that *upon those conditions I would readily subscribe THREE GUINEAS.*

—He then departed and would have taken with him the printed dedication and part of the poem he had just before brought for my perusal (which he knew I had been prevented reading by the coming in of Mr. Hawkswell) had I not after much intreaty prevailed upon him to leave it with me.—As soon as he was gone it occur'd to me, that after having got what money he could subscribed under the mask of *suppressing* the work, he might still be rascal enough to *publish it*, I therefore sent to call him back and upon his return I enquired whether *after this subscription the work would be ACTUALLY dropt, and whether any copy had been or would be delivered out by him that might appear hereafter* : he assur'd me NOT; but that *the whole would be suppress'd and stifled,*—

I asked

I asked him, *where he lived?* he said *in Bristol at present, but should return to London in a few days.*—I asked him, *what employment he followed there?* He told me—*but mercy towards him (which he by no means deserves) persuades me to be silent on that head.*


The succeeding afternoon (being Saturday the 31st of said month of December) to my very great surprise I saw the following advertisement in one of the Bristol papers.

“ On Tuesday next will be published, Price 1s. dedicated to *Mr. Henry Burgum*, the CONSULTATION. A Mock Heroic. In three Cantos. By JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.

Ibant obscura solas, sub Nocte, per Umbra,

Perque Domos, Ditis. VIRGIL ÆN. Lib. 6.

Printed for and sold only by the author.

“  *The above poem would have been published in the course of this week, agreeable to a former advertisement, but the holidays prevented it.*”

Upon reading of which I was well convinced that all Thistlethwaite had been telling me the preceding night was entirely void of truth and that he intended publishing the poem, notwithstanding his very late assertions to me to the contrary, I therefore sat down in the evening and perused the remaining part of what had been left with me the night before,—when it appeared such a *diabolical* performance that it absolutely shuddered me and made my very blood run cold whilst I read some of its *infernal* passages.

It may be asked perhaps why I kept the unfinished work in my possession 24 hours without reading it?

I an-

I answer for *two* reasons—*first*, because the author promised upon leaving it with me that the publication would be stopt,—and *secondly*, because I had at that time a matter of much greater importance to think of and which required my most serious thoughts and attention (*viz.*) settling myself in a new distillery, now carried on in the parish of St. Philip and Jacob, under the firm of FEAR, SHORELAND, BURGUM and Co.

The part in my hands being a sufficient specimen of what the work would be when compleated it determined me to discountenance it as much as possible, and therefore on Monday morning, the 2d inst. I sent Josiah Gardner (one of my journeymen) to Mr. Pine's Printing-Office after Thistlethwaite, to desire I might see him immediately, but he not being there, I sent the same messenger to enquire for him at his lodgings, who returned *without being able to find him.*—James Williams (another of my journeymen) also went to *Thistlethwaite's* lodgings for him, but was informed *that he had not lain there for several nights past.*

Not being able to get sight of this Genius, and from several intimations given me, I began to be exceeding uneasy and suspected the scoundrel would publish the book after all his declarations, and by his cursed DEEP ART contrive to throw the odium on me: I call'd on several of my friends, shewed them the piece, and expressed my disapprobation and unwillingness for such an *hellish production* to make its appearance *apparently* under my sanction: they treated the matter with great levity, saying that *the dedica-*

tion itself was sufficient to exculpate me and that therefore I ought not to be uneasy on the occasion.—Not chusing to let the matter rest here, I was resolved to go one step further to shew my abhorrence of it, for which purpose I wrote a letter to Mr. Pine (who from the words of the foregoing advertisement published in his own paper of Thursday the said 22d day of December last past, I supposed to be the printer of the said poem) in which I acquainted Mr. Pine that *I had read part of the poem called the CONSULTATION and that I detested and abhor'd the language therein contained, and that in case it came out with my name to it I would certainly commence a prosecution, but on the other hand, if it did not appear at all, I would give Thistlethwaite FIVE GUINEAS.*—This letter I gave to Mr. Ames Hellicar on the said 2d inst. January, desiring him *first to take a copy of it and then to deliver it to Mr. Pine,* which I believe was done. I received no answer from Mr. Pine neither could I hear any thing of Thistlethwaite.—Tuesday a person informed me he had been in a house where he had seen one of the pamphlets called the *CONSULTATION in print,* had heard it read to all the company then present; that the rest of them would be published in two or three days and that several had been then already *privately* distributed to *some very particular friends.*—As a tradesman, a member of society, an honest man and a christian I thought it my duty and by the advice of a sincere friend I resolved publickly to disavow the pamphlet—and accordingly wrote the following advertisement and sent to Mr. Pine desiring him

him to insert it in his then next paper, which came out *Wednesday the 4th* tho' dated *Thursday the 5th instant*.

To the P U B L I C.

“ HAVING read in the weekly papers of this city the *advertisement* of a poem, entitled the CONSULTATION, written by *James Thistlethwaite*, and dedicated to *Henry Burgum*; curiosity naturally led me to enquire into the nature of a performance, in which my name was so much interested. I obtained a sight of the *dedication* and *part* of the *poem*;—and I do declare, that I never saw or knew any thing of the work, till after the public advertisement thereof; and that I do utterly detest and disapprove of the scandalous contents of the said poem, and have done and shall do whatever lies in my power to suppress the publication thereof. I remain,

Bristol-Bridge, The Public's very humble Servant,
Jan. 2, 1775. HENRY BURGUM.”

Mr. Pine told my clerk who carried it to his Printing-Office, that *he did not chuse to insert it*. I sent a second time and *insisted upon its going into his paper*: he then sent me word that *he wished I would alter and mollify it*, and withal threatened that *if I made it public I should hear of it again in such a manner as would not be altogether agreeable to me, and that he wanted to speak with me*: upon this I desired my partner Mr. Catcott to wait on him with my compliments and acquaint him that *I paid no regard to his threats, and that if he did not immediately insert the advertisement, a copy should*

be directly carried to Mr. Cocking's, there printed off in hand bills and distributed through the city, with the addition of a N. B. setting forth, that the above advertisement had been carried to Mr. Pine's to be inserted in his news-paper, but was refused.—After all this trouble Mr. Pine condescended to insert it.

Upon my coming home Wednesday night the 4th inst. at ten o'clock (after spending the evening with some friends) the following letter was delivered to me.

S I R,

“ I this moment very unexpectedly read in the Bristol-Gazette an extraordinary advertisement sign'd
 “ *Henry Burgum*, wherein you express an abhorrence
 “ of a publication the major part of which you per-
 “ us'd very recently with the most evident marks of
 “ of singular satisfaction.—What can be the in-
 “ ducement for so sudden a change in your sentiments
 “ is not for me to determine; but if you would real-
 “ ly have me understand *that* advertisement in its li-
 “ teral sense and would wish to effect the *suppression* of
 “ a piece which you more than once appear'd fond
 “ of encouraging; I have only left to observe, that
 “ *one thousand copies amount to fifty pounds.*—The whole
 “ *edition* is at your service. I would wish you to re-
 “ member that altho' you did not *directly* give me
 “ leave to dedicate it to you, yet *indirectly* I had your
 “ permission: and notwithstanding you did not pro-
 “ mise to indemnify me from the expence attending
 “ its publication, yet you gave me reason to expect the
 “ full exertion of your endeavours towards the getting
 “ it

“ it dispos’d of, together with an absolute promise of
 “ a competent gratuity for the trouble I had been at
 “ on the occasion. I believe, Sir, you will conclude
 “ with me that it is in my power to prove that what
 “ I have already asserted is too well known to be con-
 “ fined to the breast of an individual.

“ I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“ JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.”

Wednesday Evening, 5 o’clock.

“ P. S. To-morrow twelve o’clock is the time fix’d
 “ for its publication.”

I was much surpris’d at its Contents, and yet what could I expect from one who had wrote or procured to be wrote so villainous a pamphlet as the CONSULTATION.—His first charge is, that “ *I perused very recently the major part of the poem with the most evident marks of singular satisfaction.* ”——I answer “ *It is a lye.* ”——For after the interruption by Mr. Hawkswell (when he, Thistlethwaite, knows I had gone through but very little of it) I read no more of it that evening, neither can he pretend to say of his own knowledge (for I never saw him afterwards to tell him so) that I have ever look’d into it since—whence then arise *the evident marks of my singular satisfaction?*——He then says, *if you would wish to effect the suppression of a Piece which you more than once appeared fond of encouraging, I have only left to observe that ONE THOUSAND COPIES AMOUNT TO FIFTY POUND; The whole edition is at your Service.*——That I ever gave him any the least encouragement or shew’d the least mark of appro-

approbation of the work *I absolutely deny*, and this assertion therefore I also say, "*Is a lye.*"—And at the Time he made me the offer of the edition for 50l. he must certainly think me as great a fool as he is a liar to have given him that sum for it after he had *privately* distributed several copies amongst *some very particular friends*.—Yet I declare that had there not been any copy of it disposed of, and that I could have purchased the manuscript and whole edition for 50l. and bound the author in a bond never to have published that or any other poem of the like kind, I really would have done it and committed it to the flames.—I might afterwards perhaps have applied to some friends to have contributed towards it, if they had thought proper to have done so—well—if not—I would have been content to have borne the whole Expence.—He goes on, *that tho' you did not DIRECTLY give me leave to dedicate it to you, yet INDIRECTLY I had your permission*—I answer, "*It is a lye*"—Neither can I conceive from what part of my behaviour after I had given him *an absolute refusal*, (which I never recall'd) that he could construe *an indirect permission*.—He then proceeds—" *And notwithstanding you did not promise to indemnify me from the expence attending its publication, yet you gave me reason to expect the full exertion of your endeavours toward getting it disposed of; TOGETHER WITH AN ABSOLUTE PROMISE OF A COMPETENT GRATUITY FOR THE TROUBLE I HAD BEEN AT ON THE OCCASION.*"—I answer, "*It is a lye*"—And he himself has sworn it is a lye in the following affidavit, which appears to be made by him
on

on Wednesday the 4th, and published on Thursday the 5th inst. but for what reason or to serve what purpose (unless to give a proof to the world of his own *rascality*) I know not; wherein he swears, "*That he was not desired, induced or solicited, hired or employed to write or compile such book or Pamphlet (meaning the CONSULTATION) by any person or persons whatever; nor was this Deponent PROMISED, nor does expect, any fee, reward or GRATUITY whatever, for writing or compiling the same book or pamphlet, other than what may arise from the sale thereof.*" This brings to my mind the old adage, "A LYAR OUGHT TO HAVE A GOOD MEMORY."

The O A T H.

"JAMES THISTLETHWAITE of the city of London, but now residing in the city of Bristol, stationer, author of a certain pamphlet now in publication, intituled the CONSULTATION, maketh oath and faith, that he this *deponent was not desired, induced, or solicited, hired, or employ'd to write or compile such book or pamphlet, by any person, or persons whatsoever; nor was this deponent promis'd, nor does he expect any fee, reward, or gratuity, whatever, for writing or compiling the same book or pamphlet, other than what may arise from the sale thereof:* He, this deponent, having compiled and completed the same of his voluntary act, and without the help or assistance of any person or persons whatever. And lastly this deponent saith, that he did not receive any information respecting the matter contained in the said book or pamphlet, other than what he collected from the papers published during a late contest,

test, and his own immediate knowledge, of the characters contained therein.

JAMES THISTLETHWAITE."

Sworn, at the City of Bristol, the fourth day January, 1775, before me,

CHARLES HOTCHKIN, Mayor.

Witnesses,—*Thomas Thomas, Joseph Hart.*

On Saturday the 7th inst. the following address was printed in Bonner and Middleton's Bristol Journal.

To Mr. HENRY BURGUM.

"SIR,

"THAT a short memory is attended with various and considerable inconveniences I doubt not but you will readily allow me. That it leads the unfortunate possessor into the absurdity of forming assertions which he has neither sufficiently reflected on, nor required the aid of *truth* to support, I shall conclude from your short letter in the *Bristol Gazette* of *Thursday* last. You know, Sir, as well as I, that every assertion contained in that letter is a rank falsehood. You may probably tell me this is a language you are not used to. *Truth*, Sir, is a language that no honest man needs be ashamed of. However, as I would wish to make every allowance due to a fault which may arise from a constitutional imperfection, I will endeavour to refresh your memory with the recital of a few facts, which from your behaviour, I consider myself as justified in laying before the public.

"About three weeks after the termination of the late election I waited upon you at your house, and informed you that I intended shortly to publish a poem, the plan of which

which I then explained to you, and begged leave to prefix your name to the dedication. This you indirectly granted me, subject only to one restriction, which was that of my conveying therein an insinuation of having taken that liberty without your permission. You approved of the plan, smiled at the fancy, promised me every encouragement, and, in brief, did all that I could reasonably have expected from the warmest and most avowed PATRON.

“ After this I called several Times, without being able to meet with you. However, on Thursday Dec. 29th, I had that satisfaction; when I presented you with one of the poems complete, the last half-sheet only excepted. You perused it with every mark of pleasure, declared yourself entirely satisfied with the contents, made some remarks upon what you was pleased to term the justice of the characters, was anxiously eager to have the remaining half-sheet, wished me to hasten the publication, and concluded with the strongest assurances of becoming a considerable subscriber. As a proof that you then had no desire that I should suppress it, I call on Mr. Hawkswell, who was the same evening at your house, and who, I doubt not, will do me the justice to acknowledge that you promised to procure him a copy of it when published.

“ I took leave of you, but had not proceeded many yards before you sent one of your workmen to call me back, I obeyed, and you enquired if you could render me any service, by being instrumental in providing me with employ in *Bristol*, or whether I thought a place in the *Custom-house* worth acceptance; at the same time declaring, that you considered the PARTY obligated to do something for me as a reward for my

services. To this inquiry I only replied by thanking you, and explaining the nature of my engagement in London, which I considered as greatly preferable to any employment I could reasonably expect elsewhere.

“ From this time I heard no more of you till Monday last, *when Mr. Pine informed me you had wrote to him expressing a detestation of the contents of the poem, which you branded with the appellation of scandalous, and offered the sum of five guineas as a compensation for the suppression of it.* I smiled at the generosity of your offer, as I considered that you could not but be conscious that the expence of print and paper alone amounted to almost double the sum; and by which there was the greatest probability of my gaining at least a hundred pounds. Nevertheless, if you actually detested the contents, how came you so unaccountably to offer me the sum of five guineas? A cudgel had, methinks, been infinitely more consistent with the *genuine purity* of such professions. But perhaps you was actuated to make *that* offer thro’ the parsimonious motives of *self-interest*. You probably repented your former expressions of encouragement, and therefore very *prudently* made me an offer which you knew neither my spirit nor my circumstances would permit me to accept of. —Shame! shame on such monstrous inconsistencies!

“ To prove how far you was really inclined to *do all that lay in your power to suppress this scandalous publication,*” I on Wednesday evening sent you a letter, nearly in the following terms.

“ S I R,

“ I this moment very unexpectedly read, in the *Bristol Gazette*, an extraordinary advertisement signed
Henry

Henry Burgum; wherein you express an abhorrence of a publication, *the major part of which you perused very recently with the most evident marks of a singular satisfaction.* What can be the inducement for so sudden a change in your sentiments is not for *me* to determine; but if you would really have me understand *that advertisement in its literal sense, and would wish to effect the suppression of a piece which you more than once appeared fond of encouraging*; I have only left to acquaint you, that one thousand copies amount to fifty pounds.—The whole edition is at your service. I would wish you to remember, *that, altho' you did not directly give me leave to dedicate it to you, yet indirectly I had your permission: and, notwithstanding you did not promise to indemnify me the expence of printing, you nevertheless gave me every reason to expect the full exertion of your endeavours towards the getting it disposed of, together with a cordial hint that you would not spare your pocket on the occasion*; and I believe you will conclude, with *me*, that what I have already asserted is not confined to the knowledge of an individual.

“ I am, Sir, your's, &c.

“ J. THISTLETHWAITE.

“ P. S. To-morrow, twelve o'clock, is the time fixed for its publication.”

“ In such terms, Sir, did I express my mind to you. You was dumb. In consequence the poem was published, and your reputation for veracity thrown in no very desirable a situation.

“ I have already exceeded the bounds I proposed; and shall therefore only say, that tho' you neither in-

duced me to write the CONSULTATION, nor promised me any thing for the writing of it, yet, after it was wrote and you had the perusal of the major part of it, you approved of it, and voluntarily promised me your assistance, and most strenuous endeavours towards aiding the sale of it. This declaration is forced from me by the duplicity of your conduct, and a full conviction that *every* sentence, in your letter of *Thursday* last, is as far remote from *truth*, as you yourself are from any thing that is truly great and generous.

BATH, Jan. 5.

J. THISTLETHWAITE."

Upon the appearance of the above, I was told by several of my acquaintance that *it was confidently reported that I SECRETLY COUNTENANCED the said pamphlet whilst writing, and that I had access to the manuscript when and as often as I pleased, and that Thistlethwaite had now brought the matter so home to me* (meaning by the foregoing address) *that I should have some difficulty to prove my innocence, and regain that good opinion and respect which my friends and fellow citizens had so lately held me in.*—I now began to look upon the affair in a serious light and my reputation to be at stake, as also to observe the difference between Thistlethwaite's situation in life and my own, *his as having neither money nor character to lose,—mine—as having a little of both.*—I likewise considered in what light I should appear to my children hereafter should they live to years of maturity and see so infamous a publication as the CONSULTATION dedicated to their father, understand he had been publicly charged with countenancing the same, and that he had taken no step to vindicate his in-

innocence.—I confess under such circumstances I should highly deserve their censure and be a very bad pattern for them to follow.—For these reasons then (and not for the sake of confuting *Thistlethwaite*—who, thank God, is beneath my notice) I determined to represent a true and impartial state of the case, humbly submitting it to the candid public by whose verdict I am content either to stand or fall.

The following card therefore I published on the exchange Monday the 9th instant (which has been since continued in the Bristol papers) and the very next day I was unexpectedly obliged to set out for the lowest town in Cornwall (*Penzance*) to purchase block-tin, which journey kept me from home fifteen days and thereby the time in which this Pamphlet would otherwise have made its appearance was prolonged.

C A R D.

“ Mr. BURGUM presents his very respectful compliments to the public, and requests them to suspend their judgment, relative to the charge brought against him by *James Thistlethwaite*, in *Bonner and Middleton's Journal* of Saturday last, as he intends to publish in a few days, a Pamphlet, and present it to the citizens, in which he engages to clear himself to the satisfaction of every one, except *Thistlethwaite* and his *Assistants*.”

Bristol-Bridge, Jan. 9, 1775.

I beg leave to animadvert upon *Thistlethwaite's* insertion in *Bonner and Middleton's Bristol Journal* of the 7th instant.—He there tells me that, *I know as well as he, that every assertion contained in my letter which appeared in Mr. Pine's Bristol Gazette of the Thursday then*
last

last past, IS A RANK FALSHOOD.—I *aver* and am ready to prove the CONTRARY in the most *solemn manner*.—He palliates me by charging me with FORGETFULNESS, yet I have not the least shadow of a doubt but that I shall very soon have the satisfaction of shewing that *he himself is the most FORGETFUL of the two*. He says *about three weeks after the late election* (which every body knows ended the 3d of Nov.) *he waited on me at my house and informed me that he intended shortly to publish a poem, the plan of which* (he says) *he then explained to me, that he beg'd leave to prefix my name to the dedication, which he adds I INDIRECTLY granted, subject to one restriction which was, that of conveying therein an insinuation of having taken THAT liberty without my permission:—that I approved of the plan, smiled at the fancy,—promised him every encouragement, and in brief did all that he could reasonably have expected from the warmest and most avowed PATRON*.—I answer and solemnly deny his ever being at my house, to my knowledge, more than ONCE, which was the evening he brought me the dedication and part of the poem *in print*, and on which Mr. Joseph Hawkswell call'd upon me as before related; and I do declare, that this was the only time (except when he call'd me to the door as before-mentioned) that I ever conversed with him on the subject, neither of which times, nor at any other, did he say any thing of, or even hint at his plan or give me any the least distant Idea of its nature, 'till he produced that part of it which he brought with him *printed* on the said 30th of December—How then could I approve of the Plan or smile at the Fancy?—If I recollect right, he did,
at

at the time he call'd me to the door, say, that *he knew who the author of the catalogue of Beasts and Prints was, and that he should SWEAT HIM*, or some such like expression, which I might probably smile at. But other than that he gave me not the least opportunity of guessing at his intention, neither did he even then tell me who the author was. — In one place he declares *I promised him every encouragement, and that I would not spare my pocket on the occasion.* — In another he positively SWEARS *he never receiv'd any PROMISE, nor did he expect ANY FEE, REWARD, OR GRATUITY.*

He pretends to say, *he call'd several Times without being able to meet with me, but that on Thursday the 29th of December he had that satisfaction, presented me with one of the poems compleat (the last half sheet ONLY excepted) that I perused it with every mark of pleasure, declared myself entirely satisfied with the contents, made some remarks upon what I was pleased to term the JUSTICE OF THE CHARACTERS, was anxiously eager of having the remaining HALF-SHEET, wished him TO HASTEN the publication, and concluded with the strongest assurances of becoming a CONSIDERABLE SUBSCRIBER. And as a proof that I had then no desire that he should suppress it, he calls upon Mr. Joseph Hawkswell to say that I promised to procure him a copy of it WHEN PUBLISHED.*

He says 'twas *Thursday the 29th*, I believe, tho' will not be positive (for I made no memorandum on which day it was, probable he did, and I think it a pity he had not done so in some few other instances, it might have served to have refreshed his memory) I say, I think it was *Friday the 30th Dec.* that he call'd upon me, but be that

as it may, I admit that on one of those evenings he did bring me the dedication and principal part of the poem (*both then in print*) but that 'till *then* I had never seen or heard one syllable of its contents and at that time I declare he urged the subscription for its SUPPRESSION and not its PUBLICATION, and I think I may be bold to say, that Mr. Hawkswell's applying to me to obtain him the sight of the piece is a sufficient proof that it was at *that time* considered that it would not be made public, otherwise could not Mr. Hawkswell, as well as every other person with a shilling (the price it was advertised at) in his pocket gratify his own curiosity without being beholden to any one. How unreasonable then is it to suppose I should promise to procure him a copy of it *when published*?—I deny reading it over at *that time* (I mean when Mr. Hawkswell and Thistlethwaite met at my house) at all, therefore neither could or did I express my satisfaction with its contents or *praise the justice of its characters*, for as I have said before, I only read the dedication and about ten lines of the poem that evening and that it then lay by till Saturday night.—I must therefore now beg leave in my turn thus publicly to ask Mr. Hawkswell, whether the conversation during the time he was in the room that evening was not upon *suppressing* the pamphlet instead of *publishing* it.

I have hitherto and will most studiously avoid seeing, writing to, or conversing with Mr. Hawkswell 'till this pamphlet is published, and then I am sure from his well known candour and character he will do me the justice to corroborate what I have here set forth as far as respects him.

This.

Thistlethwaite calls me his PATRON. It is certainly very extraordinary that he did not suffer me to peruse the manuscript of this poem before it was carried to the press, and if I had approved of it, THEN to have requested my name; but alas! his assistants had seen enough of me during the election to convince them I should not patronize so *dirty*, so *diabolical* a work, and therefore contrived to secret the matter from me 'till its publication, and by that means screen themselves and throw the odium and scandal upon me,—As soon as they found I had publicly disavowed the patronage, they persuaded the silly author to make an affidavit *that no person had any hand in it but himself*.—By this means I suppose they bring *themselves* off with flying colours. And I cannot now suppose but that it was by their or some such advisers council that he wish'd to have *carried back* the copy he brought or pretended to bring *for my inspection*, at the time he tells you of these very strange transactions, almost before I had open'd it, but there I happily disappointed them, and by that means obtained a further knowledge of this *dark production* than, from the face of things I conceive was intended.

He next proceeds with saying, *I offered him a place in the custom-house*—I wonder he did not say I had undertaken to make him SECRETARY OF STATE, as I suppose I might as easily do the one as the other; but even admitting I *had* made him such an offer, I think *that* alone would be a convincing proof how much I was unacquainted with the contents of the piece in which

he has so villainously aspersed a truly worthy gentleman, and for whom I have a great respect, who enjoys a very principal office in that trust. And yet notwithstanding this assertion, the very man who makes it, this perjured *Thistlethwaite*, had but a few hours before POSITIVELY SWORN, that he had not *been* PROMISED *nor did expect any fee, reward or GRATUITY whatever*, for this ingenious master piece, *other than what might arise from the sale thereof*.

He acknowledges, that *Mr. Pine* informed him that *I had wrote to him (Pine) expressing a detestation of the poem, which I branded (and I think with justice too) with the appellation of SCANDALOUS and that I offered the sum of five guineas as a compensation for the suppression of it.*—To people who had never heard the contrary this account might appear very plausible,—but what will they think of this artful insinuation of his, when I repeat what I have already set forth? (*viz.*) *that upon his informing me on the night he brought me the part of the work that in all probability it would be suppressed, and for that purpose 700 copies were then subscribed for, and that if he could get 300 more subscribed for, the publication should cease; and that at that time and with that intent I proposed subscribing three guineas.*—To clear up this matter when I say, that at the time of writing the letter alluded to, I concluded that by adding *two guineas more to three before mentioned*, I should then have subscribed for more than one third of the number he wanted to dispose of and that he would then have the less difficulty to get the remaining part of the subscription fill'd up,—And for this purpose and this

this only (I mean its suppression) was I induced to make him any offer at all—and yet he would wish to be understood that my five guineas was the only satisfaction he was to receive for the suppression of it.—Artful serpent. !

He afterwards hints that (from my account of the matter) *a cudgel had been his desert rather than the encouragement* he pretends *I gave him*.—And this I believe is the first *truth* he hath suffered to escape him since he left the Metropolis.—But let him remember he has kept out of my way, and that I have not seen him since he brought me the dedication and part of the poem; but if I had, I hope I should have had prudence enough to have refrained from such a proceeding, tho' I make no doubt but a *caning*, if not at the time of *operation*, would *afterwards* have been no disagreeable circumstance to him—for I believe, there are few but will agree with me, that he cannot want knavery to inform him, that *the law for beating his back would provide for his belly*—and then indeed *I must not have spared my pocket with a witness*.

He now lays before the public the pretended copy of a letter he sent me the Wednesday before the publication of his pamphlet.

And here I think I have an opportunity of shewing how treacherous *his* memory must be *so soon* to forget its contents—probably he was so engaged, that he had not time to take a copy of it,—if he did, it must have been with design indeed, and most likely too (in order to) make it correspond with his affidavit,) that

he omitted, the following part of it (*viz.*) *together with an* "ABSOLUTE PROMISE of a competent GRATUITY " *for the trouble I had been at on the occasion,*"—and substituted in its stead,—"*together with a cordial hint that you would not spare your pocket on the occasion.*"

I need only recite, that I never saw the person of Thistlethwaite but four times in my life, (notwithstanding I have been told he work'd as a journeyman with my opposite neighbour Mr. GROVE;)—*first*, when he voted at the Guildhall;—*second*, when he had the assurance to dine at the Hoopers-hall;—*third* when he spoke to me at my own door three weeks or a month after the election;—the *fourth, and last time*, when he brought me the dedication and part of the poem in *print*, the evening of the 29th or 30th of December; the part he then left was to the 40th page inclusive, ending with this line.

Yet rest regardless of their feeble plaint.

I never saw or knew a tittle of the remainder till after it was published and sold about the city.

I must now beg leave to appeal to my jury, whose veracity is most to be depended upon—*his*, who in *one* hour will exhibit his charge with all the *art* he is master of, or his infernal agent can invent, and in the *next*, *by a solemn affidavit deny his own hand writing*;—or *mine* which (thank God) stands unimpeached, but, by the damn'd assertions of this perjured villain?

Having answered the several charges brought against me by *James Thistlethwaite*, respecting his poem (the CONSULTATION) and I hope to the satisfaction of my readers. I cannot lay down my pen without

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considering who the Printer of this CONSULTATION is, and his motives for so *dishonourable* an employment. —Can it be Mr. PINE? God forbid!—*He* is a man who professes *great religion*, a puritan, a man who *seems* to walk uprightly in the sight of God and his neighbour. He has lately printed the holy bible in duodecimo with notes:—surely he would not suffer his press to be defiled with printing so cursed a book as THE CONSULTATION.---This man is constant at the Holy Communion; and is it possible with the same fingers that one day partook of the bread and wine at God's holy altar, he could the next assist in setting the press and composing any part of the CONSULTATION? ---Forbid it heaven!---If he did print it, I cannot account for his doing so.----I have the honour to be acquainted with one of his principal pastors and teachers, and am well convinced that he never received such instructions from that quarter.---What then can be his reason for printing it? Can it be for the sake of party? O fie! O fie! Can it be for a little dirty employment or gain? Cursed meanness! vile Hypocrisy!

Why dost thou chuse that cursed sin

Hypocrisy, to set up in;

Because it is the thriving'st calling,

The only saints-bell that rings all in. HUDIBRAS.

If in an unguarded moment the tools of party did prevail upon him to promise to print it and he could, not afterwards recede, let him make his public recantation and express his sorrow for doing it (for we are told, *owning a fault is half amends*) and I hope, after
such

such contrition, God will forgive him, and the sober part of his fellow-citizens receive him again into their favour, and overlook what is past. On the other hand, *if he is not the printer*, if the book was not printed at his office, or with his privity,---let him publicly declare so upon oath, and I will, (as I ought then to do) publicly ask his pardon for my mistake.

Far, very far be it from my inclination to countenance such a production as the CONSULTATION, could I have been as secret as the dead of night, I would not have been the author or patronizer of it for a thousand worlds.

It may be remembered that on the day the clergy came in a body to the Guildhall to give their suffrages, I stood there a friend and manager of the candidate for whom they *did not vote*; yet, the Rev. Mr. JOHN CAMPLIN, in the open court and in the name and presence of the other clergy, gave me thanks for what he was pleased to term my very genteel behaviour towards them. Could I then after such a compliment (which I prize more than all the compliments I ever received put together) be so mean, so ungenerous to countenance a work in which they are so scurrilously represented?—certainly not, or I must have been as compleat an Hypocrite as Mr. PINE, the printer himself.

It is well known that scarce any place in the kingdom is so happy, or can boast of so pious, so good and so charitable a Body of Clergy as the city of Bristol. How lost to shame and reproach then must this

Thislethwaite

Thistlethwaite be to treat them in so unwarrantable a manner as he has done? For it is no secret that every individual he has so scandalously satyrized, is as highly undeserving the character he has shown him forth in, as he himself is of any other reward than a proper chastisement for his trouble: and even here he would not suffer his calumny to subside, but must, to compleat the whole, drag sacred Majesty itself into his malignant composition.

I have been told by a Gentleman of Shepton-Mallett, that *Thistlethwaite* has been lurking about that place for some time past, and that he purposes shortly to publish a second edition of his **diabolical Consultation**, with an additional Canto, in which I am to be represented in a darker light than his grand Master (the Devil) himself; the subject of which I understand, will be *my attendance on the late unfortunate JONATHAN BRITAIN, procuring his confession relative to the Fire at PORTSMOUTH, and my taking leave of him at the place of execution.*——Poor wretch! I wish his abandon'd course of life may not bring him to Britain's end.——As to his fourth Canto I value it not; let him write as severe and as long as he pleases on me, or even publish my most secret transactions upon the house top, I shall not think him or his works in future of consequence sufficient to say a word in contradiction thereto; but let him beware that this declaration does not induce him to exceed the bounds prescribed by the laws, for in that case he will be much deceived if he depends upon his insignificancy for protection.

Since

Since I wrote the preceding pages, I have received certain information that Mr. W. PINE was the printer of the pamphlet entitled the CONSULTATION, and I charge him as such, notwithstanding he absolutely denied it, when told so by my partner Mr. Catcott. It now remains for me to make a protest, and shall then humbly take my leave of my readers, acquainting them, that being now concerned in three different trades and co-partnerships, my whole time will be fully employed in my own concerns, therefore I have done with all PUBLIC matters and am determined to attend strictly to my trading connections.

I DO WITH ALL the solemnity of an affidavit profess, testify and declare, that the circumstances by me related respecting James Thistlethwaite, in the foregoing narrative, are strictly true; and that I do from my soul detest and abhor the language contained in the poem entitled the CONSULTATION.

HENRY BURGUM.

F I N I S.



A N
A N S W E R
T O

A Narrative of Facts, &c.

LATELY PUBLISHED

By Mr. HENRY BURGUM.

As far as relates to the Character of W. PINE.

A man that is above direction,
Lays bare his back to sad correction;
And he that will not take advice,
But shuts, when he should ope his eyes,
Is soon or later sure to feel
His own disgrace—as sharpen'd steel:
And when in dudgeon he's entrap'd,
Too late laments his own mishap.

B R I S T O L:

Printed in the YEAR, M.DCC.XXV.

AND
T. N. S. W. E. R.

A Narrative of Facts

BY MR. HENRY BURTON

As far as related to the Church of W. E. R.

A man that is short on faith,
I have seen many to his correction;
And he that will not be wise,
But still when he should open his eyes,
Is soon or late to be
His own delusion—a danger to his soul;
And when he is brought to his senses,
Too late he finds his own ruin.

B. R. I. S. T. O. R.

Printed in the Year, 1844.

TO MR. HENRY BURGUM.

I HAVE read your "*Narrative of Facts*" published last Saturday, and am sorry to have the occasion to declare, that in the accusations brought there against *me*, it is a *Narrative of Falshoods*.

I leave *Thistlethwaite* to answer for himself; who is, as great a stranger to me as he is to you.—And shall only attend to those points wherein Mr. Burgum, "*as a Tradesman, a member of Society, an honest man! and a Christian!*" has most basely and insidiously attempted to calumniate my character, with no other view than to brighten his own.

You say respecting your advertisement of the second of January, that "Mr. Pine told my clerk who carried it to his Printing-Office, that *he did not chuse to insert it*. I sent a second time and *insisted upon its going into his paper*: he then sent me word that *he wished I would alter and mollify it*, and withal THREATENED that *if I made it public I should hear of it again in such a manner as would not be altogether agreeable to me, and that he wanted to speak with me*: upon this I desired my partner Mr. Catcott to wait on him with my compliments and acquaint him that *I paid no regard to his threats, and that if he did not immediately insert the advertisement, a copy should be directly carried to Mr. Cocking's, there printed off in hand bills and distributed through the city, with the addition of a N. B. setting forth, that the above advertisement had been carried to Mr. Pine's to be inserted in his news-paper, but was refused*.—After all this trouble Mr. Pine *condescended to insert it*."

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In answer to which, I say in the first place, with all the solemnity of an oath, that I never told your clerk, "*I did not chuse to insert it.*"

I say again, with the same solemnity, that I never "**THREATENED**, *if you made it public you SHOULD hear of it again, in such a manner as would not be altogether agreeable to you.*"

And, respecting the message sent by Mr. Catcott, your partner, (if any such was sent) he either lost it by the way, or forgot to deliver it; for he never said any such thing to me.

The whole transaction was as follows, (as near as I can recollect) which I declare in the most solemn manner.

When your clerk gave me the advertisement, I expressed a particular concern, and said, "*I wish Mr. Burgum would not print this advertisement; for I am afraid it will bring on disputes in the papers, &c. that will be disagreeable to him; and therefore tell Mr. Burgum, that I should be very glad to see him: as I believe I could put him into a method of exculpating himself, without hazarding any future altercation.*"—He left me with this message; and returned in a few minutes, saying, "*Mr. Burgum is just going out of town; he says he has wrote nothing but the truth, and insists on its being put into your paper just as it is; or he will have some hand-bills printed and distributed about the town immediately.*"—I replied to the clerk, "*I had no objection in the world to insert it, but on Mr. Burgum's account.*" I moreover repeated, "*it is my interest to insert it; and as he chuses to have it put in the paper in that manner. it shall go in with all my heart.*"—And immediately I took it up into my office, and ordered it to be composed.—Sometime after, Mr. Catcott came in, (and it appeared to me rather accidentally than otherwise) and said, "*Mr. Burgum is determined to prosecute Thistlethwaite if he publishes the Poem,*"

" but

"but if not he will give him Five Guineas." I told him, "I had nothing to do with *Thistlethwaite*; but should have been glad to have seen Mr. Burgum before he went out of town this morning." He asked me, "Whether I had not received an advertisement about it?" I told him, "I had;" and expressed my concern to him on Mr. Burgum's account, nearly to the same effect as I did to the clerk.

So that after taking a good deal of pains in the *most friendly* manner, to remove a burden from Mr. Burgum's shoulders, and to prevent his running his *head* against a Post, he very genteelly repays me, and all this under the specious character of "*a Tradesman, an honest man! and a Christian!*"—O shame! where is thy blush!

But this is not all. Mr. Burgum's motives for publishing the said "*Narrative of Facts*," (as he calls it) was to support his Reputation; to stand fair in the eyes of posterity; and to prevent his children execrating the pious memory of an infamous or profligate father.—But pray Mr. Burgum, how will your *present* reputation stand with the public?—How will it stand in the annals of posterity?—How will your children reflect on it with disgrace?—When they are told, that under the mask of an *honest man* and a *Christian*, you basely attempted to stab the character of a brother Tradesman, (not less *immaculate* than your own) and to fix the very stigma on him which you had so industriously endeavoured to throw off from yourself?

As to the charge brought against me, in the last page of your book, of a palpable falshood, or LYE, (a genteel Epithet, with which your production abounds) on the evidence of your *sagacious* partner, Mr. Catcott; it lays me under the necessity of relating the particular circumstance; by which the public will discover that the *falshood* there so plausibly detected, is, like many other of the *Lyes* in your pamphlet; an undoubted TRUTH.—The case was as follows; Mr. Catcott had at
different

different times called at my house, or stopt me in the street, to make enquiry about the *Consultation*; complaining of the length of time it was in coming out, &c. &c. And I very well remember, that the last time he spoke to me on the head, he said, that he thought it hard, that he could not have one as well as other people; for that it had been out some time, he had been informed by persons who had seen it.—I told him, I knew nothing of its being *published*, and wondered that he should apply to me, as it was advertised to be sold *only* by the author. “*Why* (said he) *you have printed it; haven't you?*” “*No*, (said I,) *I have NOT printed it.*” On which we parted. And this I declare to be a very exact account of the whole transaction. And I do most solemnly aver, that it was some days after that, before I ever saw one of the pamphlets, or have reason to believe that it was printed; therefore, if I had said unto him, *that I had printed it*, I should really have told a falshood. So that I would advise Mr. Burgum, that whenever he sets about that *laudable employ* of taking away *another* person's character; he would examine his materials, not according to *appearances*, or *caprice*, but according to *truth*; that the dirt he wishes so copiously to load on the head of another, may not revert upon his own.

Whoever was the Printer of the *Consultation*, as well as his motives for doing it; are questions equally impertinent for Mr. Burgum to ask: and betray his ignorance as much as his unkind reflections on me do the truth of his pretensions to the character of an *honest man* and a *Christian*.

Mr. Burgum's concerns in three different Trades, (as he gravely tells us at the end of his performance) ought to have taught him something of the nature of business. And if he had been capable of reflection, he might have known that the business of a *Printer* is almost as delicate as that of a *Distiller*. And I suppose by this time he knows, that there are *secrets* in that business, which he would not be willing even for an *Exciseman* to know, much less *all the world*.

I might

I might with equal propriety call upon *him* to give an account to the public, of his reasons for selling of Spirituous Liquors to Stews and Brothels, which have a manifest tendency to intoxicate the senses, and encourage Lewdness and Debauchery. And might retort, "*Can it be for a little dirty gain? O fie! O fie! Cursed meanness! Vile hypocrisy!*"— But I forbear: for the present I spare him. However, altho' he should plead *ignorance* of his own duty, I will tell him what I understand to be part of mine.

First, That it is as generally allowed, that a Printer's business is, to print any book to which the author puts his Name; as it is for a Pewterer to sell his pots, or a Distiller his drams, to any person that will pay him the money.

Secondly, That the method of an author's delivering his copy to a Printer, is not the whole together, but in different parts, just as may be necessary to go on with the work; and that it is not one book in twenty that the Printer has an opportunity of seeing the whole copy, till the last proof.

Thirdly, That it would be as highly impertinent in a Printer to say to an Author, "Sir, I suspect your bad intentions; or that you are a Scoundrel, &c. and therefore will not begin your book 'till I have had the perusal of all your copy;" as it is for Mr. Burgum to fall on the Printer of a pamphlet, to which the Author's name appears, and opprobriously to reflect on him for the contents of the same.

Many more instances might be given to prove the absurdity of such a procedure, as well as to shew that Printers are not even acquainted with the different subjects they have in hand, but as they go on with the work; and consequently cannot be competent judges of any such performances 'till they are finished. And besides, Mr. Burgum himself knows, notwithstanding all his rancorous insinuations, that the business of a
Printer

Printer is of a *secret* nature; and that *he himself* has more than once sought protection under its friendly shade.

Therefore, publicly to charge me with the printing a Piece to which my name does not appear, and thereby (as well as by a variety of unkind reflections) to attempt to fix an odium on my character, which you had been at so much pains to remove from your own, is a transaction so *black* with iniquity, that had *Thistlethwaite* dedicated ten *Consultations* unto you, and you had never said a word about any one of them; you would not have incurred one hundredth part of the complicated guilt you have now brought upon yourself; and which the impartial public must remember to your everlasting infamy. For after all your pompous declarations of your tender regard to preserve the *good-will of your Fellow-citizens*, and the desirable character of an *honest man*, and a *Christian*; that you should act so diametrically opposite both to the one and the other, is a proof that you are at least "*as compleat an HYPOCRITE*" as any Printer in England,—and how much greater I leave the public to determine, to whose tribunal we both appeal.

WILLIAM PINE.

BRISTOL, Feb. 14, 1775.

F I N I S.